

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. XIII.

A wedding.—Bet and the tar.—Scene at the church.—The bridegroom's difficulty.—His indignation.—Where we must look for unaffected character.—The bridegroom knocks under.—The sailor comes to his senses, and almost deprives Gregory of his.—The boat's counsel on the occasion deemed expedient.

BARCLAY's circumstances induced him to follow the plan he had adopted, of quitting Mr. Pawlet's neighbourhood. To have eloped with Penelope, admitting its practicability, was a thing he could not think of doing while in debt, and liable every moment to be arrested. Whatever her affection might lead her to do, his love could never permit him to let her suffer want and misery on his account. His fears arising from the Hon. Mr. Buckle's intention toward her, he now thought very little likely to succeed, as the apprehension they entertained of himself would prevent the execution of Mr. Buckle's scheme.—These matters considered, he had resolved to make his way to London, and to endeavour to hit upon some plan by which he might extricate himself from his present embarrassment, and render himself independent, however lowly and humble his situation in life.

As our hero, with Gregory after him, bearing their bundle, travelled on foot, it will neither be agreeable or prudent to follow them step by step: that would be going too slow; I shall therefore merely

touch on the principal occurrences of their journey.

Towards the middle of the next day, as they approached a little village which they perceived at some distance before them, their ears were saluted by the sound of bells, evidently rung on some joyful occasion. Being now in less fear of pursuers, and having walked sufficiently that day, Barclay resolved to spend the remainder of it in recovering themselves from their fatigue.

The village they soon found to be of the most rural kind, and without any accommodation for travellers of a better description than those on foot. Entering the only house of entertainment in the place, they were almost stunned with the rude and boisterous gaiety of the company it contained. At the head of a number of peasants who were seated round a table, on which was a large bowl of punch, and several pots of ale, presided one of Neptune's sons, and by his side sat a plump, rosy-faced girl, of true flesh and blood, covered with ribbands medals and rings. It was not very difficult to guess at the cause of this motley assembly: however, if it had been so, our travellers would not have been left long in the dark. As they entered, the landlord rose to welcome them, and Barclay desired him to let them have a mug of ale, and something to eat.

"Avast there," cried the sailor, "and bring to.—Shiver me if any man has any thing aboard that I don't pay for. Come, my lads, bring yourself to an anchor."

The landlord now soon made room for our hero and Gregory, who were almost per force, seated at the table, and compelled to drink a bumper each, to the health of the couple that were about to be married.

"Yes," exclaimed the tar, throwing his arms round his neighbour's neck, and giv-

ing and taking a smack that went off as loud as a fourteen pounder, "yes, Bet and I are going to grapple. We only wait for the parson to give the signal, and——"

Here he was interrupted by the clerk, who came to let them know that the clergyman was waiting for them at the church. They were all instantly on their legs, and taking a hearty swig each, not forgetting the clerk, they drew themselves up in due array, the sailor and his bride leading the gang. Barclay and Gregory could not refrain from accompanying this singular procession, when they were witness to a scene that ensued in the church between the parson and the tar, which had nearly put an end to the match. Every thing being quiet and orderly, the parson began, and presently came to,

"I, Richard Sprit, take thee, Elizabeth Bumfield, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward——"

Which he pronounced after him, but when they went on——

"For better for worse, for richer for poorer,"—he made a dead stand.

"Say after me," said the parson.

"D—— if I do!" cried he, "avast there, —what, do you think I'm such a lubber as all that comes to?"

"Well," said the other, "if you don't say you will do this, I can't marry you."

"Well, I won't then," he replied, "for better and richer, if you will, but — me if I've any thing to do with the poorer and worse."

"Then we have done!" the parson added, and putting down the book, was going to take off his gown, when the sailor very sulkily agreed to go thro' the ceremony.—It being ended.—"Now," said the parson, "you must sign this book."

"No, no!" he exclaimed, "shiver my timbers if ever Dick Sprit of the Ale-house,

(his way of pronouncing *Aolus*) puts his name to such a bad bargain."

An altercation of some length was the consequence of this refusal, but finding that he could not be married without, and having already been in the church much longer than he liked, or had ever been before, he consented, and, full of anger, made his mark from the top of the page to the bottom. He now sallied out of the church, and it was not till after dinner, that, with the assistance of large draughts of grog, he was able to tranquillize his ruffled spirit.

Barclay having staid behind a little, observed a farmer coming up to the clergyman as he was returning home. There had been a great drought, and he had got the parson to offer up the prayer for rain, which he had done two or three times without effect.

"No rain yet, Master," said the fellow, scratching his head.

"No," replied the parson, "I am sorry to find that our prayers are not heard."

"Main unlucky, to be sure. Let's see,—how many times have you done it?"

"Three times," was the answer.

"Three times! well, well, never mind," said the farmer, "we'll have a trial again next Sunday."

Here the fellow made his bow—the parson smiled, and Barclay went and joined the company and his companions.

In this company, and in very unruely mirth, Barclay found some entertainment. To see men act from the honest dictates of nature, is, I think, always highly desirable. In polished societies, we behold nothing of this: we see there nothing of nature; 'tis all form and deceit; there is no friendship, no ingenuousness, but the whole party seem met together to dupe one another. Imposition is the order of the day, in act, word, and deed. In low life alone must we seek for genuine, unaffected character.

At length the sailor terminated his career by falling from his seat perfectly intoxicated, and, with the assistance of his wife, was presently conveyed to the nuptial-bed.

It being now late enough to retire, Barclay desired to know where they were to sleep, and was shewn into a room which was only divided from the one occupied by the married pair, by an old blanket suspended from the ceiling. The host withdrew, and they betook themselves to rest. Barclay was, however, in about an hour roused from his slumbers by a most violent noise in the apartment. It appeared that Gregory,

. He rubbed his eyes once or twice, and perceiving it was no dream,

gave Gregory such a broadside with both his fists, as completely unshipt him, leaving him sprawling in the middle of the room. The sailor quickly followed, and a regular fight took place, which, as I have said, disturbed Barclay, and soon brought the host into the chamber.—Barclay presently dressed himself, and, with the aid of the master of the house, extricated poor Gregory from the sailor's gripe, who was just going to throttle him.

Barclay now hurried Gregory out of the room, leaving the host to pacify the enraged tar, which he in some measure succeeded in doing, by affirming that Gregory was so drunk that he got into his bed by mistake. The host then carried Gregory his clothes, promising to bring him up to explain the whole matter; but the moment he came down stairs, he advised our travellers, as it was a fine moon-light night, to decamp without seeing the bridegroom any more.

Barclay approved of his counsel, and making him a present, left the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The subsequent observations on the Behemoth were handed the editor a few days ago, as containing in part, an answer to the 6th query of the "Querist," page 221—They were first published in Poulson's Gazette, and have since appeared in the form of a handbill; but as many of our readers have very probably never seen them, and as almost every person would wish to preserve so curious a piece of speculation, we have little doubt but their publication in the Repository will be gratifying.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE BEHEMOTH.

BY A FEMALE FRIEND.

IN the 40th chap. of Job, the Almighty is represented as pleading with him in majestic terms, on the insufficiency of man to become his own preserver, or defend himself from the ravages of the children of pride.

"Hast thou an arm like God? or canst thou thunder with a voice like him?"

"Deck thyself now with majesty and excellency, and array thyself with glory and beauty."

"Cast abroad the rage of thy wrath; and behold every one that is proud, and abase him."

"Look on every one that is proud, and

bring him low; and tread down the wicked in their place."

"Hide them in the dust together, and bind their faces in secret."

"Then will I confess unto thee, that thine own right hand can save thee."

He then bringing into view, the Behemoth, as figurative of the children of pride (as he doth also in the succeeding chapter, the Leviathan as their king).

Whose spirits are not to be tamed by man, unaided by divine influence; no more than this formidable animal could be reduced and brought into subjection, without superior aid.

Wherefore it hath pleased infinite wisdom, from what now appears on the face of nature, (after having displayed his omnipotency in the formation of him, whom the Rabbins affirm to be the largest four-footed creature ever formed) to release mankind from the dread, or inconvenience of his existence, by removing him from a state of being, as well as the race of giants.

The late appearance of the Irish giant in England: and the recovery of the Behemoth's skeleton from the bowels of the earth, by C. W. Peale, (whose arduous, expensive, and persevering labours in obtaining it, deserve general encouragement;) may be considered as present standing witnesses, in this age of doubt and scepticism, of the truth of those passages of scripture which treat thereof.

To C. W. Peale's Museum, there is a probability may sometime be added, from recent information, a skull of the Unicorn, celebrated in Job; (as I conceive, but which C. W. P. supposes, had belonged to the Mammoth) from the nose of which projects one horn, 12 inches through, and 18 in length, besides what is broke off—by a person of respectability in the Western Territory; who has refused making sale of it, from his intention of presenting it to C. W. Peale.

And I fear not to own myself, not so captivated by the too prevailing disposition with many, not to believe any thing but what their eyes behold: as to reject these accounts from scripture authority, of animals that may peradventure be now extinct: no more than I would presumptuously reject other parts of those important records; because not an eye-witness to matters therein related. For is it not a degree of thoughtless or hardened incredulity, to

reject the force of past or present evidences of facts exhibited for our belief, because they happen not at the period in which we live? And a great deficiency in that *faith which is the evidence of things not seen*; when we reduce our scale of belief within the narrow confines of our own natural and limited sight?

The Almighty is represented as thus appealing to the understanding of Job, respecting the untameable properties of the Unicorn:

"Will the Unicorn be willing to serve thee? will he lodge by thy rack.

"Wilt thou bind the Unicorn with cords on the ridges? Will he harrow the vales after thee?

"Wilt thou trust him because his strength is great?" [Purver.]

Which may imply, that altho' in appearance he resembled the horse, yet his superior strength and fleetness disdained a like submission: and his formidable horn rendered him too dangerous to attempt harnessing, and trusting to bring in the harvest. This description differs from the Rhinoceros, which some have supposed is here meant; who is clumsy, wanting in fleetness, and so far tractable, that it is said he is domesticated and brought into use in Abyssinia. So that it is at least possible, remains of the Unicorn may yet appear, differing in some respects from any animal now in the known creation; as well as the present relicts of the Behemoth.

And as the Almighty hath seen meet, so far to expel these sovereigns in strength, both of the human and brute creation: so I believe he will more and more unsheath the sword of his power, against all dominion founded on ambition and hostile contention, until the earth is cleansed from the pollutions of arrogance and oppression; and the meek religion of the Lamb comes to be established; "nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more." A season which will arrive agreeably to the prophetic declaration of the inspired prophet Isaiah; the testimony of other concurring prophecies; and the tenor and tendency of the gospel of peace and salvation to mankind, as set forth in the New Testament. A period where the histories of the Alexanders, the Hannibals, or the Cesars; will be no longer read with the spirit of applause, or animation; imitate; but rather considered as the mineering Goliaths, the destroying Be-

moths, or untameable Unicorns, of our highest order of visible created, yea, and intelligent rational beings. And the time may arrive, when it may be as hard for some to believe such characters ever existed in the human race, as it has been to believe there were Behemoths and Unicorns, differing from present known animals.

"Behold now Behemoth which I made with thee, he eateth grass like an ox."

This does not say that grass was his only subsistence; but it is most probable from the formation of his teeth, that his food was like unto hogs, part animal, tho' for the most part vegetable; as also like unto man's in this respect.

"Lo now, his strength is in his loins."

The most distinguished property is first brought into view. And it was from this superior, and it might be a kind of elastic strength, that he must have been impowered to extend or contract his body at will; if these historians be true, referred to in the Encyclopædia. From thence also might be derived that assertion, that they were sometimes 30 feet in length. The camels and dromedaries possess a power of contraction in their limbs, somewhat similar. And as the king of beasts, we must suppose its strength and powers of action to surpass all others.

"He moveth (or setteth up, as the margin expresseth it) his tail like a cedar."

The next peculiar trait is here presented, in the tail; which must be large and stately in this position, to bear this comparison; whereas the elephant's is more diminutive, as suiteth a second order in this rank of creation. That belonging to this skeleton, corresponds with this account; which must have been lengthy from the bones there arranged, with the bones visibly deficient, and the sinewy part once annexed; which, altho' pliant, must have resembled even the bones of many animals in strength; by which, erecting it as a cedar, it must have borne considerable resemblance thereto, when the bushy ends were turned down and scattered as the spreading branches and leaves of the cedar tree. This might have been his great pride in his stately movement, as is the tail to the peacock. And how tremendous must have been the appearance, when we figure to ourselves the idea of this beast approaching; perhaps fourteen or fifteen feet in height, and a tail uplifted eight or ten feet higher.

"His bones are like strong pieces of brass, his bones are like bars of iron."

This is evident from their durable quality: As it must have taken a length of time for them to have sunk so far in the earth, in those boggy places where there were found besides the additional depth from the accumulation of substances on the surface, arising from decayed vegetables, &c. for a considerable number of years.

"He is the chief of the ways of God; he that made him can make his sword to approach unto him."

He appears to be indeed the chief, or most mighty animal that has trod the globe. The sentence following seems to be somewhat prophetic: As the Almighty hath caused the sword of his lightning to approach, according to Indian history; and nearly severed him from the face of nature; that man and beast might no longer dread his mightiness.

I am inclined to believe, this was the period of their apparent extinction and not the flood. As no doubt this kind with others were renewed after that event; or they would not have been thus kept by the command given to Noah: "Of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark."

"Surely the mountains bring him forth food; where all the beasts of the field play."

The mountains not only bring him forth food of vegetables; but these animals having their subsistence thereon, may be considered as the production of the mountains. And being here brought into view, may be an implication, as an object concerned in the account of him, that he sometimes regaled himself thereon. Purver, in his literal translation, is more clear in this passage, "For the mountains bear increase for him, where all the wild beasts play." And tho' he conceived it to be an Elephant as the largest beast he knew of, yet were he here at this period, I believe he would be of a different opinion.

"He lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reeds, and fens."

The shady trees cover him with their shadow, the willows of the brook compass him about."

Here is a strong proof of this being the Behemoth; as those remains are often found in marshy places, which is here described; as their favorite chambers of retreat. Purver uses the present more familiar term of mire, instead of fen.

It may be, that where their remains are found in any very extraordinary depth of earth; they may have been there absorbed, by some singular concussion of the earth; by the flood, or an earthquake.—But where their remains are found in fenny places, I should be most inclined to believe, they died a natural death, or were smitten by lightning, when sheltered in their common, or at least, summer resting places; the season when thunder-storms arise. Their disappearing must have been since the flood, and that through some singular stroke of Divine Providence, concurrent with the Indians' account. As any history of transactions before the flood, they would not be likely to possess, this country as well as others being peopled since that event.

"Behold, he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not."

Purver says, "Lo, he suppresseth a river without hastening," which is most likely to be just, shewing the great suppression of the water on the entrance of so vast a bulk. Not hastening, or fearing the force and torrent of mighty waters, his strength being equal to combat them. He appears by his gradual motion in the water, to have delighted therein; which, with his frequent resort to swampy places, suited his warm complexion, and bespoke him somewhat amphibious. This does not imply that his motion was slow in general; neither could it have been so, or the bucks and other inferior animals could not have been his prey: for the destruction of which the Indians say they were slain.

"He trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth,"

Shews the great proportion of water he drank, from his stupendous size: and the additional quantity he could retain in his trunk, which it is most likely he possessed, like his sister kind, the elephant; whose retentive trunk is set forth in the well-known story of the taylor and his needle.

"He taketh it with his eyes, his nose pierceth through snares."

This seems to imply a large and eager eye, and shews the wonderful agility of his trunk, which, moved by his extraordinary sagacity, pierceth through snares.

That this animal is of a higher and stouter order than the elephant, may be argued from his having been fitted to endure those rugged climates, which it doth not appear the other inhabits. His partaking of animal food, different from the elephant, may be one cause of his possessing greater heat, whereby he was prepared to endure the winter's frost, and in sultry seasons, was

fond of retreating to watery vales and the thickest shades for shelter.

Calmet says, the Rabbins believe there is yet one in existence, reserved as a feast for the Israelites, on the coming of the Messiah; and that in proof of such a belief existing, they often swear by the share they expect to have in the Behemoth. The Indians assert, that when the Almighty issued the thunder-bolts of destruction amongst them, the great Bull escaped, and remains king of the western country. And altho' these accounts may be wrapt up in fabulous representation; yet their degree of correspondence may be considered, as one instance among many, strengthening the opinion, that our Aborigines are of Jewish extraction. A people, who, dealing in outward observations; looking for the Messiah to come as a temporal prince; and those things to be fulfilled externally, which were of spiritual signification, might have been by this means led into a mistake of expecting to be partakers of the outward body of the Behemoth: Whereas, their share of benefit to be derived from the future (or present) proof of its former existence, may be, that whatever tends to strengthen the evidence of scripture testimonies, which are linked together by a beautiful chain of connection throughout, will ultimately result to their advantage, as an important nation brought into view therein. In whose history is disclosed, the blessings derived from a life of virtue, and obedience to the Divine mind; and the judgments succeeding a contrary course of action.

Behold, reader, in this ancient account of the important Behemoth, and the present confirmation of its validity, one instance amongst numerous others, which are seen by the serious and attentive mind, of the authenticity of sacred record.

Montmorency,

A FRAGMENT.

[From Drake's Literary Hours]

(CONCLUDED.)

"PREPARE to die," said one of the Banditti, "for into that chasm shall ye be thrown; it is of unfathomable depth, and that ye may not be ignorant of the place ye are to visit, we shall gratify your curiosity with a view of it." So saying, two of them seized the wretched Montmorency, and dragging him to the margin of the abyss, tied him to the trunk of the tree, and hav-

ing treated his associates in the same manner, "Look," cried a Banditto with a fiend-like smile, "look and anticipate the pleasures of your journey." Dismay and pale affright shook the cold limbs of Montmorency, and as he leant over the illimitable void, the dew sat in big drops upon his forehead. The moon's rays streaming in between the branches, shed a dim light sufficient to disclose a considerable part of the vast profundity, whose depth lay hid; for a subterranean river, bursting with tremendous noise into its womb, occasioned such a mist, from the rising spray, as entirely to conceal the dreary gulf beneath. Shuddering on the edge of this accursed pit stood the miserable warrior; his eyes were starting from their sockets, and, as he looked into the dark abyss, his senses, blasted by the view, seemed ready to forsake him.

Meantime the Banditti, having unbound one of the attendants, prepared to throw him in; he resisted with astonishing strength shrieking aloud for help, and, just as he had reached the slippery margin, every fibre of his body racked with agonising terror, he flung himself with fury backwards on the ground; fierce and wild convulsions seized his frame, which being soon followed by a state of exhaustion, he was in this condition, unable any longer to resist, hurled into the dreadful chasm, his armour striking upon the rock, there burst a sudden effulgence, and the repetition of the stroke was heard for many minutes as he descended down its rugged side.

No words can describe the horrible emotions, which, on the sight of this shocking spectacle, tortured the devoted wretches. The soul of Montmorency sank within him, and, as they unbound his last fellow-sufferer, his eyes shot forth a gleam of vengeful light, and he ground his teeth in silent and unutterable anguish. The unhuman monsters now laid hold of the unhappy man; he gave no opposition, and, though despair sat upon his features, not a shriek, not a groan escaped him, but no sooner had he reached the brink, than making a sudden effort, he liberated an arm, and grasping one the villains round the waist prang headlong with him into the interminable gulf. All was silent—but at length a dreadful plunge was heard, and the sultry deep howled fearfully over its prey. The three remaining Banditti stood aghast, they durst not unbind Montmorency, but solved, as the tree to which he was tied grew near the mouth of the pit, to cut it down, and by that means, he would fall, along with it into the chasm. Montmorency, who seeing the example of his attendant

had conceived the hope of avenging himself, now saw the impossibility of effecting the design, taken away; and as the axe entered the trunk, his anguish became so excessive that he fainted. The villains observing this, determined, from a malicious prudence, to forbear, as at present he was incapable of feeling the terrors of his situation. They therefore withdrew, and left him to recover at his leisure.

Not many minutes passed away, when, life and sensation returning, the hapless Montmorency awoke to the remembrance of his fate, "Have mercy," he exclaimed, the briny sweat trickling down his pallid features, "Oh have mercy;" then looking round him, he started at the abyss beneath, and, shrinking from its ghastly brink, pressed close against the tree. In a little time, however he recovered his perfect recollection, and, perceiving that the Banditti had left him, became more composed. His hands, which were bound behind him, he endeavoured to disentangle, and, to his inexpressible joy, after many painful efforts, he succeeded so far as to loose the cord, and, by a little more perseverance, effected his liberty. He then sought around for a place to escape through, but without success; at length, as he was passing on the other side of the chasm, he observed a part of its craggy side, as he thought, illuminated, and, advancing a little nearer, he found that it proceeded from the moon's ray shining through a large cleft of the rock, and at a very considerable depth below the surface. A gloom of hope now broke in upon his despair, and gathering up the ropes which had been used for himself and his associates, he tied them together and fastening one end to the bole of a tree, and the other to his waist, he determined to descend as far as the illuminated spot. Horrible as was the experiment, he hesitated not a moment in putting it into execution; for, when contrasted with his late fears, the mere hazard of an accident weighed as nothing, and the apprehension that the villains might return before his purpose was secure, accelerated, and gave vigour to his efforts. Soon was he suspended in the gloomy abyss, and neither the roaring of the river, nor the dashing of the spray, intimidated his daring spirit, but, having reached the cleft, he crawled within it, then, loosing the cord from off his body, he proceeded onwards, till, at last, with a rapture no description can paint, he discerned the appearance of the glen beneath him. He knelt down, and was returning thanks to heaven for his escape, when suddenly

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO THE EDITOR.

The following, which took place not many years ago, may be depended on as a fact, and shews the ludicrous effects BAD SPELLING will sometimes produce.

A Young Woman in England having emigrated from the country to the metropolis, agreeably to a previous engagement with a friend, wrote the following account of London to a female acquaintance, where she formerly resided.—She informed her that she did not like London, and assigned the following reasons: "That she had visited *Bagnigge-wells*, but there was *Doll Davison*;—she had also been at *Bermondsey Spa*, and the *Dog and Duck*, and there was *Doll Davison*;—she had also been treated with a coach to *Vauxhall*, but there was *Doll Davison* also.—She related several other places in and about the city which she had visited, but uniformly concluded that in every excursion she had made, she had seen *Doll Davison*! Her friend in the country was much puzzled to know who this *Doll Davison* was, that had been so familiar to her correspondent in London; and accordingly shewed the letter to several persons for information, if peradventure they could unravel the mystery of *Doll Davison*, who seemed always to have come in contact with her female friend. But no one could throw light on the subject, until the lady herself had an opportunity of paying a visit to her friends in the country; when her old acquaintance anxiously enquired who *Doll Davison* was, of whom she had so frequently made mention. The lady declared she had never mentioned such a person, nor did she know any one of that name: the letter was then produced as an evidence of her forgetfulness; when she observed, "It was very strange that they could not read *write-hand*;" and informed them it was not *Doll Davison*, but *dull diversion*!

A CORRESPONDENT.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Querist.

NO. III.

The best, perhaps the only way of getting knowledge, is by asking and object.

CHESTERFIELD.

ENQUIRY XI.

WHY do I ask men who reject the Bible, what system of morality is to be supplied? they refer to the dictates of reason, or the dictates of nature, or (as they say) the voice of the conscience.

to that system of Ethics, the result of the united reason of philosophers, which is handed to us by *Aristotle* and others. Accordingly, I consult individuals, but find that they differ from each other almost as much in their opinions, as in their faces, nay, that they even differ from themselves, for they are of one opinion to-day, and another to-morrow; and that, on any one point whatever, there are scarcely three who agree, precisely in every respect. I then turn to the learned lumber of *Athenae*, &c. where is presented a concentration of the ancient sages, who in their respective ages might, perhaps, have been regarded as stars of the first magnitude: but so far am I from finding a system of Ethics, that the whole of their philosophy appears to be a heterogeneous mass of hypothesis, mythology, obscurity and uncertainty; and indeed, to enquire no further than what their ideas were concerning the *Summum Bonum*, or chief good (i. e. *Happiness*) it is quite sufficient to find that there were one hundred and eighty eight different opinions prevailing among them on that one single point.—*Query*, then, what is this boasted *natural reason*? and where is it to be found? Or rather, *Query*, Are not those who preach up *nature*, this sovereign luminary, to which the blind are held up as a guide, only striving to mislead others?

XII.

"What is the present age?" said a sensible old man to the door, one day. "It was, continued he, what it was going while ago, that we were at hand to be as any on earth, and the sound of youthfulness promised a stability of manhood: owing to our industry, sobriety, and virtue; from which alone must arise the wealth and happiness of individuals, the as of nations. But alas! how are reversed, from the introduction of new manners, customs, fashions, &c. Little we tended to, now-a-days, but balls and assemblies, where people frequently dance themselves out of virtue, health and property. Equestrians, wire-dancers & Ventriloquists, who, by their slight of foot, and other magical arts, were sure to delude, look up our eyes. Well, make our eyes. I can furnish you with a little of our own, but you may not catch cold." "And billiard-players, too?" "Yes, they are too, knowledge. Barclay, calling to Gredeemed the man. There were now entirely disarming his budget, soon equip-

It may be, that where their remains are found in any very extraordinary depth of earth; they may have been there absorbed, by some singular concussion of the earth; by the flood, or an earthquake.—But where their remains are found in fenny places, I should be most inclined to believe, they died a natural death, or were smitten by lightning, when sheltered in their common, or at least, summer resting places; the season when thunder-storms arise. Their disappearing must have been since the flood, and that through some singular stroke of Divine Providence, concurrent with the Indians' account. As any history of transactions before the flood, they would not be likely to possess, this country as well as others being peopled since that event.

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"He trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth,"

Shews the great proportion of water he drank, from his stupendous size; and the additional quantity he could retain in his trunk, which it is most likely he possessed, like his sister kind, the elephant; whose retentive trunk is set forth in the well-known story of the taylor and his needle.

"He taketh it with his eyes, his nose pierceth through snares."

This seems to imply a large and eager eye, and shews the wonderful agility of his trunk, which, moved by his extraordinary sagacity, pierceth through snares.

That this animal is of a higher and stouter order than the elephant, may be argued from his having been fitted to endure those rugged climes, which it doth not appear the other inhabits. His partaking of animal food, different from the elephant, may be one cause of his possessing greater heat, whereby he was prepared to endure the winter's frost, and in sultry seasons, was

fond of retreating to watery vales and the thickest shades for shelter.

Calmet says, the Rabbins believe there is yet one in existence, reserved as a feast for the Israelites, on the coming of the Messiah; and that in proof of such a belief existing, they often swear by the share they expect to have in the Behemoth. The Indians assert, that when the Almighty issued the thunder-bolts of destruction amongst them, the great Bull escaped, and remains king of the western country. And altho' these accounts may be wrapt up in fabulous representation; yet their degree of correspondence may be considered, as one instance among many, strengthening the opinion, that our Aborigines are of Jewish extraction. A people, who, dealing in outward observations; looking for the Messiah to come as a temporal prince; and those things to be fulfilled externally, which were of spiritual signification, might have been by this means led into a mistake of expecting to be partakers of the outward body of the Behemoth: Whereas, their share of benefit to be derived from the future (or present) proof of its former existence, may be, that whatever tends to strengthen the evidence of scripture testimonies, which are linked together by a beautiful chain of connection throughout, will ultimately result to their advantage, as an important nation brought into view therein. In whose history is disclosed, the blessings derived from a life of virtue, and obedience to the Divine mind; and the judgments succeeding a contrary course of action.

Behold, reader, in this ancient account of the important Behemoth, and the present confirmation of its validity, one instance amongst numerous others, which are seen by the serious and attentive mind, of the authenticity of sacred record.

Montmorency,

A FRAGMENT.

[From Drake's Literary Hours]

(CONCLUDED.)

"PREPARE to die," said one of the Banditti, "for into that chasm shall ye be thrown; it is of unfathomable depth, and that ye may not be ignorant of the place ye are to visit, we shall gratify your curiosity with a view of it." So saying, two of them seized the wretched Montmorency, and dragging him to the margin of the abyss, tied him to the trunk of the tree, and hav-

ing treated his associates in the same manner, "Look," cried a Banditto with a fiend-like smile, "look and anticipate the pleasures of your journey." Dismay and pale affright shook the cold limbs of Montmorency, and as he leant over the illimitable void, the dew sat in big drops upon his forehead. The moon's rays streaming in between the branches, shed a dim light sufficient to disclose a considerable part of the vast profundity, whose depth lay hid; for a subterranean river, bursting with tremendous noise into its womb, occasioned such a mist, from the rising spray, as entirely to conceal the dreary gulf beneath. Shuddering on the edge of this accursed pit stood the miserable warrior; his eyes were starting from their sockets, and, as he looked into the dark abyss, his senses, blasted by the view, seemed ready to forsake him.

Meantime the Banditti, having unbound one of the attendants, prepared to throw him in; he resisted with astonishing strength shrieking aloud for help, and, just as he had reached the slippery margin, every fibre of his body racked with agonising terror, he flung himself with fury backwards on the ground; fierce and wild convulsions seized his frame, which being soon followed by a state of exhaustion, he was in this condition, unable any longer to resist, hurled into the dreadful chasm, his armour striking upon the rock, there burst a sudden effulgence, and the repetition of the stroke was heard for many minutes as he descended down its rugged side.

No words can describe the horrible emotions, which, on the sight of this shocking spectacle, tortured the devoted wretches. The soul of Montmorency sank within him, and, as they unbound his last fellow-sufferer, his eyes shot forth a gleam of vengeful light, and he ground his teeth in silent and unutterable anguish. The unhuman monsters now laid hold of the unhappy man; he gave no opposition, and, though despair sat upon his features, not a shriek, not a groan escaped him, but no sooner had he reached the brink, than making a sudden effort, he liberated an arm, and grasping one the villains round the waist sprang headlong with him into the interminable gulf. All was silent—but at length a dreadful plunge was heard, and the sun deep howled fearfully over its prey. The three remaining Banditti stood aghast, they durst not unbind Montmorency, but solved, as the tree to which he was tied grew near the mouth of the pit, to cut it down, and by that means, he would fall, along with it into the chasm. Montmorency, who seeing the example of his attendant

had conceived the hope of avenging himself, now saw the impossibility of effecting the design, taken away; and as the axe entered the trunk, his anguish became so excessive that he fainted. The villains observing this, determined, from a malicious prudence, to forbear, as at present he was incapable of feeling the terrors of his situation. They therefore withdrew, and left him to recover at his leisure.

Not many minutes passed away, when, life and sensation returning, the hapless Montmorency awoke to the remembrance of his fate, "Have mercy," he exclaimed, the briny sweat trickling down his pallid features, "Oh have mercy;" then looking round him, he started at the abyss beneath, and, shrinking from its ghastly brink, pressed close against the tree. In a little time, however he recovered his perfect recollection, and, perceiving that the Banditti had left him, became more composed. His hands, which were bound behind him, he endeavoured to disentangle, and, to his inexpressible joy, after many painful efforts, he succeeded so far as to loose the cord, and, by a little more perseverance, effected his liberty. He then sought around for a place to escape through, but without success; at length, as he was passing on the other side of the chasm, he observed a part of its craggy side, as he thought, illuminated, and, advancing a little nearer, he found that it proceeded from the moon's ray shining through a large cleft of the rock, and at a very considerable depth below the surface. A gloom of hope now broke in upon his despair, and gathering up the ropes which had been used for himself and his associates, he tied them together and fastening one end to the bole of a tree, and the other to his waist, he determined to descend as far as the illuminated spot. Horrible as was the experiment, he hesitated not a moment in putting it into execution, for, when contrasted with his late fears, the mere hazard of an accident weighed as nothing, and the apprehension that the villains might return before his purpose was secure, accelerated, and gave vigour to his efforts. Soon was he suspended in the gloomy abyss, and neither the roaring of the river, nor the dashing of the spray, intimidated his daring spirit, but, having reached the cleft, he crawled within it, then, loosing the cord from off his body, he proceeded onwards, till, at last with a rapture no description can paint, he discerned the appearance of the glen beneath him. He knelt down, and was returning thanks to heaven for his escape, when suddenly

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO THE EDITOR.

The following, which took place not many years ago, may be depended on as a fact, and shews the ludicrous effects BAD SPELLING will sometimes produce.

A Young Woman in England having emigrated from the country to the metropolis, agreeably to a previous engagement with a friend, wrote the following account of London to a female acquaintance, where she formerly resided.—She informed her that she did not like London, and assigned the following reasons:—"That she had visited *Bagnigge-wells*, but there was *Doll Davison*;—she had also been at *Bermondsey Spa*, and the *Dog and Duck*, and there was *Doll Davison*;—she had also been treated with a coach to *Panxhall*, but there was *Doll Davison* also.—She related several other places in and about the city which she had visited, but uniformly concluded that in every excursion she had made, she had seen *Doll Davison*! Her friend in the country was much puzzled to know who this *Doll Davison* was, that had been so familiar to her correspondent in London; and accordingly shewed the letter to several persons for information, if peradventure they could unravel the mystery of *Doll Davison*, who seemed always to have come in contact with her female friend. But no one could throw light on the subject, until the lady herself had an opportunity of paying a visit to her friends in the country; when her old acquaintance anxiously enquired who *Doll Davison* was, of whom she had so frequently made mention. The lady declared she had never mentioned such a person, nor did she know any one of that name: the letter was then produced as an evidence of her forgetfulness; when she observed, "It was very strange that they could not read *write-hand*;" and informed them it was not *Doll Davison*, but *dull diversion*!

A CORRESPONDENT.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Querist.

NO. III.

The best, perhaps the only way of getting knowledge, is by inquiry and object. CHESTERFIELD.

ENQUIRY XI.

WHEN I ask men who reject the Bible, what system of morality its place may be supplied? they refer me to the dictates of the natural reason of individuals, or (which they say is the same)

to that system of Ethics, the result of the united reason of philosophers, which is handed to us by *Aristotle* and others. Accordingly, I consult individuals, but find that they differ from each other almost as much in their opinions, as in their faces, nay, that they even differ from themselves, for they are of one opinion to-day, and another to-morrow; and that, on any one point whatever, there are scarcely three who agree, precisely in every respect. I then turn to the learned lumber of *Athen*, &c. where is presented a concentration of the ancient sages, who in their respective ages might, perhaps, have been regarded as stars of the first magnitude; but so far am I from finding a system of Ethics, that the whole of their philosophy appears to be a heterogeneous mass of hypothesis, mythology, obscurity and uncertainty; and indeed, to enquire no farther than what their ideas were concerning the *Summum Bonum*, or chief-good (i. e. *Happiness*) it is quite sufficient to find that there were one hundred and eighty eight different opinions prevailing among them on that one single point.—*Query*, then, what is this boasted *natural reason*? and where is it to be found? Or rather, Are not those who preach up *nature*, this sovereign luminar, to which the *Blacks* are held up as *models*, conveying them, who are only striving to mislead others?

XII.

"What is the present age?" said a sensible old man to the doctor. "It was, continued, a long time ago, that we were as happy as any on earth, and the sound youthful constitution promised and stability of manhood; owing to our industry, sobriety, and virtue; from which alone must arise the wealth and happiness of individuals as of nations. But alas! how are reversed, from the introduction of the manners, custom, fashions, &c. Little is tended to, now-a-days, but balls and assemblies, where people frequently dance themselves out of virtue, health and property. Equestrian, wire-dancers & Ventriloquist who, by their slight of foot and hand, and other magical arts, are sure to delusions, look up quite him.—"Well, make out," I can furnish you with a list of one, that you may not catch cold." "our easiest thing," cried the other, "and billiard of me, too?" "I have," replied Barclay, calling to Gredeemed the man. "I was now entirely dissolving his budget, soon equip-

...aten a little food of the hospitable
...ian, was returning, when the cottager
...aking his gun over his arm desired him
...to follow. The Indian went on about
...twelve miles, when he suddenly turned
...back, and looking sternly on the Planter,
...said, "Do you not know me, sir?" The
...Planter, now trembled; at last he feebly
...replied, "I think I have seen your face."
..."Yes you have sir," replied the Indian;
...I am the man who solicited you for a
...draught of small beer, or water, lately;
...when I passed by your gate. In vain I
...asked! But be not intimidated; you are
...perfectly safe, you have but two miles
...further to go. Farewell, but no more call
...a fellow creature an Indian dog!—The
...barbarian Planter, devoid of gratitude,
...sneaked away home. The poor Christian
...Indian (tho' deemed a savage) returned to
...his cot, rejoicing, self-approved, and pleas-
...ed at the favourable opportunity of display-
...ing his Philanthropy.

AN EASY CURE FOR DRUNKEN- NESS.

To aid the cause of virtue and religion.

THERE is no habit that is more obsti-
nate in its nature, or more ruinous in its
consequences than that of drunkenness. It
sometimes happens, that people of talents,
as well as of generous and amiable dispo-
sitions, fall victims to this deadly evil.
And there are those whose life is a painful
conflict between virtue and appetite.
They are aware of the ruin that is before
them—they plainly see the precipice down
which they are plunging; and they make
solemn resolutions of amendment, and
struggle to get the mastery of the vice
that "easily besets them;" but in the
hour of temptation their strength fails and
they relapse. They are then filled with
remorse and shame, and renew their reso-
lutions and promises, which again they
soon break: while, in the meantime, each
successive relapse weakens their strength
and encreases the strength of the enemy.

Thus their doom is like that of Sisyphus,
who, as ancient fable says, was condemn-
ed eternally to the fruitless toil of rolling
a heavy stone up a steep hill; which, be-
fore he got it to the top, always tumbled
back, and left him to begin his labour
anew.

Now there is a very cheap and easy cure
for drunkenness.—*It is milk regimen*—Let
the person whose thirst for ardent spirits has
become unconquerable, totally leave off the
use of animal food, and live wholly on milk,

and he will happily find that his thirst for
liquor will decrease, and, in a short time
entirely subside. The rational ground of
this might be shown; at the same time,
the truth of it has been proved by actual
experiment. A, B and C, are invited to
try the experiment.—They would find it a
prudent kind of self-denial. Any reason-
able man would willingly part with a limb,
and suffer the pains of its amputation ra-
ther than lose his life, and surely, it would
be infinitely better for to confine one's self to
a milk diet, which is nourishing and whole-
some, and would become very palatable,
than to sacrifice fortune and reputation, and
even to cut short life itself by a course of
intoxication. [Balance.]

EXPLANATION OF THE WORD NEWS.

MANY persons read newspapers, with-
out attending to the importance of the
word *news*, or the idea it ought to furnish
us with. In the first place, as news come
from all quarters of the terraqueous globe,
so the very word itself clearly points out to
us, viz. *N. North, E. East, W. West, S. South*;
so that I believe no language in the
world can furnish us with a title more e-
qually expressive. Again, when seriously
considered, it recommends to us the prac-
tice of the four following virtues, viz. *No-
bleness* in our thoughts, *Equity* in our deal-
ings, *Wisdom* in our conduct, and *Sobriety*
in our lives.

ANECDOTES.

A Woman in France having gone to con-
fession, the priest, by way of penance,
was proceeding to give her a flagellation.
As he was leading her behind the altar,
for this purpose, her husband, who, from
a motive of jealousy, had followed her, and
concealed himself in the church, made his
appearance, and saying that she was too
delicate to bear the discipline, offered to
receive it in her stead. This proposal the
wife greatly applauded, and the man had
no sooner placed himself upon his knees,
than she exclaimed, "Now, father, do not
spare him, but lay on lustily, for truly I
am a great sinner!"

ALONZO of Arragon, used to say of
AGE, that it appeared best in four things,
viz. old wood best to burn; old wine to
drink; old friends to trust; and old au-
thors to read.

CRISTAIN INDIAN.

...passing through the planta-
...leman in Pennsylvania, over-
...the heat of the day, asked the
...for a draft of small beer. "You
...have no small beer," replied the
...leman angrily. "Give me a cup of
...for I am really parched with thirst."
...You shall have no water neither, get
...you about your business you Indian dog."
The savage withdrew a few yards, look-
ed back, and viewed the gentleman's
face with much eagerness and attention,
and without making the least reply went
away.

The Planter some time after was hunt-
ing, and happening to miss his way, pur-
sued a retrograde direction from home.
Night coming on he was much concerned,
and seeing an Indian Cottager, he enquir-
ed the road to his plantation. Sir, said
the rustic, you are 14 miles from the
place you mentioned; to walk so far in
the night, will prove rather dangerous,
as the wild beasts of the forests are coming
out for their prey. You are welcome to
the shelter of my cot during the night.
It is just by this place, and you shall be
welcome to what it affords. The gentle-
man, thro' necessity accepted the offer,
and went to the hut. The Indian and his
spouse set before him some milk, coarse
bread, and what they had. They made
up a bed of skins after supper, and when
the Planter laid down, they covered him
with others, and wishing him a good re-
pose promised to awake him in the morn-
ing by the time of sun-rising. Accord-
ingly the faithful Indian kept his word.
"Arise, sir, the sun is up." The wild
beasts are retired, and you may walk in
safety. The gentleman got up, and hav-

The Bouquetier.

NO. IV.

THE NOSEGAY.

ADDRESSED TO AMYNTA.

*Oh come! and while the vesp'rous May
Stains blushing on, together let us tread
The morning-dew, and gather in their prime
Fresh blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.*

THOMSON.

As when, on a journey to some distant part,
The Traveller visits the friends of his heart,
Whose kind hospitality, meriting praise,
His departure still longer and longer delays;

But when in the midst of his pleasures, his mind
Solitude wakens for those left behind,
He sighs—if, perchance, opportunity come,
With speed he departs, and with joy hails his home:

So I, who in Fancy's dominions have stray'd,
And to her young favorites just eulogies paid,
Now, feeling my soul for its kindred to burn,
Once more to AMYNTA with rapture return.

Sweet source of all solid delight, bliss and joy,
And rational comfort, which never can cloy!
O pardon my wand'rings,—no longer I'll rove—
But my themes shall be THOU—THE FAIR—FRIEND—
SHIP and LOVE.

Such themes shall with int'rest my numbers inspire,
Without emanation from Genius's fire:
Since Nature's strong language is better than Art's,
And that's the best language which speaks to all hearts.

Tho' Fancy close on me her richest parterre,
And will not rhetorical flowers confer;
Tho' the bright, gay luxuriance of words be deni'd,
(The pleasure of readers, of poets the pride);

Tho' destin'd my sphere, in these regions below,
Beneath constellations that livingly glow,
And wanting ability upward to soar,
I cannot, like them, vast creation explore:—

Yet, with themes such as these, the muse never shall
fail,
While Common-sense, Virtue and Reason prevail:
For Nature's strong language is better than Art's,
And that's the best language which speaks to all hearts.

And lo! lovely Fair! the assemblage of flow'rs,
Affection has cull'd from Spring's roseate bow'rs,
With richness thy person and charms to adorn,
With Flora's to vie, in May's robes of the morn.

The Rose will respond to the bloom on thy cheek;
The Lily, the delicate white of thy neck;
The sweet-scented shrub, the ambrosia-air,
That in soft circumsfusion attends on my Fair.

Ah no!—See the rose and the lily decline,
To emulate beauties and graces divine;
And in fragrance, the sweet-scented shrub seems to
die,
Or shun with her lip-breathing sweetness to vie.

See, thus, how much nobler is matter, when mind
Infuses intelligence, brighten'd, refin'd!
Here, colours have language, and meanings here blaze,
And speak nature's AUTHOR in myriads of ways.

Away, then, externals! which only give grace,
As foils, to her beauties of person, or face—
But—for our instruction, one moment yet stay,
While I, in this NOSEGAY, an emblem portray.

That Rose is thy *Maiden*, flow'r of thy youth,
Unconscious of suitor, but Love, Virtue and Truth;
Which blushes, as more the world's wiles it describes,
Till, with all disguised, it hastes to the skies.

That Lily, so delicate, besauteous and white,
Is thy reputation and *Innocence* bright;
Which once by rude man, or fell calumny stain'd,
Its loveliness flies,—to be never regain'd.

That sweet-scented shrub's thy *Benevolent Heart*,
Whose grateful affections forever impart
The choicest of balm to Humanity's wound,
And "a sweet-smelling savour" to all the world round.

Thus then, on thy bosom, that soft seat of love,
The throne of all bliss I could wish, or could prove,
This NOSEGAY I place, where all qualities meet,
Their kindreds with kindred caresses to greet.

This gift mayst thou cherish while yet it shall blow,
That my soul with the sweetest emotions may glow;
And when 'tis long gone, may its archetypes shine,
To shew forth AMYNTA an angel divine.

And when we together from earth are withdrawn,
Whose dim habitation is but Being's dawn;
When glory shall burst on the night of the tomb,
And Spring Everlasting in beauty shall bloom;

Like two grafted scions, our spirits shall blend,
On Morn's golden pinions to Heaven ascend,
There blossom and flourish, and know no decay,
In the smiles of eternally-life-breathing May.

AMYNTOR.

Translation of Lines from the French, in page 223.

ON PRINTING.

From God this art ingenious doth arise,
Of painting words, and speaking to the eyes;
And giving, by a thousand traces wrought,
Body and colour to the secret thought.

TWICE-EIGHT.

Similar translations have been received from H. S. R. I.
and from G. B.

PHILADELPHIA,

MAY 29, 1802.

In the upper part of Luzerne County, a few days
since, a young girl, about 14 years of age was left to
keep house with some small children, when a deer
came within a few rods of the door—With uncommon
coolness and deliberation, she took down an old French
gun, which happened to be loaded, levelled it at the
breast of the deer, and shot him dead on the spot!

(Luz. Fed.)

In the dominion of Kolugay, a remarkable, tho' not
an entirely new phenomenon, lately presented itself;
namely, a heavy rain of insects. In an expanded arch,
a cloud was observed, at first very small, but in its
particular forms and colours differing very much from
the remaining part of the cloud. As far as could be
judged by the continually increasing bigness of that
cloud, it descended with great rapidity, and at length
covered the ground for a considerable space with such a
multitude of worms, grubs, or small worms, that in
some places they were placed on each other to the
height of six inches. According to the testimony of
eye-witnesses, these worms were two inches in length,
and of a white colour.—*Query, From whence did these
insects come?*

Improvement in Mechanism.

Mr. Jacob Alrichs, an ingenious mechanic of Wil-
mington, Delaware, has invented a mode of construct-
ing clocks, which promises to be of much utility.—

Clocks made in this manner will have but six wheels
and one pinion; instead of twelve wheels and six pin-
ions, which those of the most simple kind now in use
have. From the simplicity of their construction, they
can be made for about two thirds of the price of the
common kind—will require less frequent and less ex-
pensive repairs—will keep time better, and be more
durable. We understand Mr. Alrichs intends to apply
for a patent for the improvement.

Recipe for the Cure of a Cancer.

Take one part of red led, in fine powder, and two
parts of hog's lard; mix them well together, and with
the salve thus prepared, spread on lint, dress the can-
cerous sore twice a day.

HADFIELD, the unfortunate maniac, who made an
attempt about two years ago, on the life of his majesty,
George III. for which he was tried and acquitted, killed
a fellow prisoner on Sunday the 4th of April, in Beth-
lehem Hospital, by a blow on the jugular vein.

Marriages.

MARRIED, in this city, on the 21st inst. by the
Rev. Mr. Turner, Mr. Richard Harding, to Miss Maria
Sheridan.

—On the 25th, by the Rev. Mr. Cotton, Mr.
James Boyer, to Miss Elizabeth Hart, all of Philadel-
phia County.

Deaths.

DIED, in England, on the 6th of April, the Honou-
rable LLOYD LORD KENTON, Chief Justice of the Court
of King's Bench.—Sir Edward Law is appointed to suc-
ceed him in office.

—At Troy, in the state of New-York, in the 100th
year of his age, Mr. Coenradt Bush, one of the poor of
that town.

—At Cambridge, (Mass.) on the 1st inst. Thadde-
us Mason, Esq. aged 95.

On Saturday, the 22d of May, at 12 o'clock, P. M.
Mrs. MARTHA WASHINGTON terminated her
well-spent life. Composure and resignation were uni-
form during seventeen days' depredations of a severe
fever. From the commencement she declared that
she was undergoing the final trial, and had long been
prepared for her dissolution. She took the sacrament
from Dr. Davis, imparted her last advice and benedic-
tions to her weeping relations, and sent for a white
gown, which she had previously laid by for her last
dress.—Thus in the closing scene, as in all the preceding
ones, nothing was omitted. The conjugal, maternal,
and domestic duties had all been fulfilled, in an exem-
plary manner. She was the worthy partner of the
worthiest of men, and those who witnessed their con-
duct, could not determine which excelled in their dif-
ferent characters, both were so well sustained on every
occasion. They lived an honour and a pattern to their
country, and are taken from us to receive the rewards
promised to the faithful and just. [Albion, Pa.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Negro's Complaint," and "Sonnet to Sleep," by
Orlando,—"Lines to Delia, with a Note," by Eugene.
—Enigma from an Old English Publication, &c. are
received.

Enigmas of Revolutionary Characters, long deferred,
shall occupy the first spare corner.

The editor declines publishing enigmas of certain
beauties, by Albinus.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POERY.

TO EUGENIO.

*Occasioned by the perusal of his Elegy on the Death of Miss M*****.*

HAIL, rising genius, whose inspired lays
Deserve a higher tribute than my praise;
Whose moral precepts in harmonious dress,
Reflect more honour than I can express.
Deign to accept an artless homespun song,
Without those graces which to thee belong;
A youthful bard would fain such merit scan,
Commend the muse, and try to praise the man.
Thy flowing numbers fraught with gen'rous woe,
Give to the heart a sympathetic glow—
Awake the soul to feel for others' grief,
And moulds a tear to give the heart relief;
Who hears thy Elegy, and does not feel
War'd with the subject, has a heart like steel:
Who reads thy lines, and, reading, does not find
A strong impression left upon his mind,
Is not to virtue, or himself a friend,
And thinks, alas! too little of his end.
Surely the solemn proofs we often see,
Of human nature's mutability,
Should learn in time the thoughtless to be wise,
And teach the giddy, less earth's joys to prize.
Continue still sweet bard to tune thy lyre,
Still warm our heart with true poetic fire:
Ascend with boldness the Parnassian heights,
Oft pleasing with thy fancy's genuine flights:
Drink purest draughts from Heliconian streams,
And rouse our slumbering souls from sordid dreams:
Bid virtue higher rise, our race to bless,
And show mankind the way to happiness.
Thus will Eugenio raise his humble name,
And future bards will emulate such fame.

H. S. R. I.

MORNING.

THE shadows of night are dispelled by the roscate
morning,
Majestic from ocean the sun rises glorious to view;
With hues ever changing the light floating vapours a-
dorning;
By the order of heaven his course through the skies to
pursue.
How welcome's his first beam, when rising to bless
the creation,
When each hill, stream, and valley is bright with his
first dawning ray:
When awak'd from their slumbers, the feather'd me-
lodious nation,
Praise the Author of nature, and, rapturous, welcome
the day.
From fields fresh and blooming the fragrance of morn-
ing bestowing,
The balmy breezes blowing with odours our senses
regale,

When with warm, purest transports the bosoms of
of mortals are glowing:
And pure, tho' mate raptures thro' the hearts of all
nature prevail.

How happy are those who can rise when the morning
is breaking,

With content in their bosoms the beauties of nature
to view,

When refreshed from sweet slumbers of moss cover'd
couches awaking;

The idle children of nature are rising their tasks to
pursue.

CARLOS.

May 8th, 1802.

THE CITY POET.

A PARODY.

BESIDE yon kennel's edge that skirts the way
With filth, and dogs and cats that putrid lay,
There, in his humble room on th' upper floor,
The city-poet taught his muse to scar.
A man of need he was, and pale to view,
I knew him well, and all his crotchets knew.
Well had the boding trembler learn'd to trace
Coming disasters, in each dunner's face:
Full well he vow'd with counterfeited glee
To pay them soon,—tho' not a cent had he:
Full well the busy hostess, sybil dame,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when they came.
Yet he was learn'd; or if unwise in ought,
The love he bore the Muses was in fault.
The printers all declar'd how much he knew,
For certain he wrote odes and sonnets too;
Verse he could measure—full of plays presage;
And ev'n 'twas said, he'd written for the stage;
At satire too, all own'd his mighty skill.
For ev'n tho' horsewhipp'd he wou'd satirize still;
While, that a man could live on empty sound
At first amaz'd his quiet neighbours round;
But careless how! no more the wonder grew,
And that he starv'd or liv'd they never knew.

LINDOR.

*The following verses were written when the writer's
mind was much agitated: in the meditation he found
a remedy, and recommends therefore a Medicine of the
same kind for all such diseases.*

YE pensive thoughts, away!—why do ye thus
Corroding gnaw my soul? why do you paint
Distressing scenes, and toils array
In shining arms,—a formidable band!
And still present them to my boding mind?
Ah cease thus to torment, and let me rest
In quiet undisturbed;—What need I fear?
Guarded by PROVIDENCE, whose potent hand
Hath still supported—still my steps upheld,
And never left me to keen-ey'd distress
An easy prey—

Oft have I seen the morning sky appear
Louring and dark, surcharg'd each cloud with rain;
Which pouring out, the streets with gushing streams
Were all o'erflow'd, and nature seem'd to mourn
In hill and dale, in trees and levell'd flow'rs:
Yet in a few short hours I pleas'd beheld
The god of day break forth, triumphing o'er
The vanished storm, all nature dress'd in joy,

The flow'rs look gay, and all creation smil'd:—

So by adversity, tho' keen its dart,
When once kind Providence annuls the pow'r,
We find a friend who all our joy sublimed—
Then can we feel the woes which others feel,
Convulsing all their frame with racking throes,
And swift redress with sympathising hand.
Why should man, frail doubting man despair,
Or grieve for that which circling time may bring
Into the sphere of action?—Whilst I write,
I feel my fears take wing, and now my soul
Extends her views aloft to heav'n's great King,
Despising all below—"Father thy will be done,"
Still be my pray'r....thus may I still submit,
And patient stand 'gainst ev'ry ill which chequer may
my life.

X. W. T.

ANSWER TO THE HOME-SPUN QUERY.

PAGE 223.

*"Boasting great knowledge in the kitchen line,"
The "home-spun query" I would fain define;
Whether or not I've solv'd the knotted doubt,
Will best be seen when you have "read me out."*

WHEN Colin, on a visit, chanc'd to spy
The fire that darted from the cook-maid's eye;
His heart, susceptible, could not withstand
The flaming torch in Cupid's skilful hand.
Martha, ne'er dreaming she such pow'r's possessor,
Unconscious she had wounded Colin's breast,
Receives a note, expressive of the fire
Which burnt in Colin's breast with fierce desire,
And as the sequel of the story goes,
(Her incapacity not to disclose,)
Martha contrives an answer to indite,
Yet not discover that she could not write.
This ready wit, disclos'd a talent fair
In Martha's mind, altho' 'twas latent there;
For who but Martha, would have found a way
To hide her ignorance, and sense display.
She chose an emblem most appropriate,
To show that she approv'd the marriage state;
Yet still, in hieroglyphic, might portend,
A tartar dame,—with brimstone at each end.
Had Colin thus interpreted the fair,
The MATCH, in paper wrapt, had prov'd a snare
To Martha's hopeful prospect,—but 'tis well,
Nothing but love in Colin's breast could dwell,
Suspicion Colin ne'er could entertain,
While Cupid thus usurp'd his heart and brain;
Nor could he ought interpret by this omen,
But that his Martha was the pride of women.
For when the footman (on this errand sent)
Return'd,—bearing the willing answer meant;
Eager did Colin from the bearer snatch
The answer, when he found it was—a MATCH!
A Match! a Match! cried Colin, 'tis indeed!
Then hugg'd himself in transport,—and with speed
Martha emerg'd from kitchen filth and grease,
And now with Colin reaps content and ease.
May Colin still enjoy his happy choice,
May Martha too with Colin still rejoice;
And may the man who weds for sordid gold,
Soon find that happiness is basely sold.

OLIVIA.